

CAMP IN THE ADVANCE, ROAD TO CORINTH, }  
Wednesday, April 30, 1862. }

**Editor Republican**—Sir:—My last string of notes being dated from our old camp at Ypsilanti, it may be of some interest to your readers to know somewhat of the movements of the "Wolverine Fourteenth" since leaving there.

At noon of Thursday, April 17th, a train composed of 21 passenger and 11 freight cars, wound up to the depot at Ypsilanti. It found us all ready, with knapsacks slung, canteens and haversacks full, and all elated at the prospect of seeing Dixie's land.

Amid the general enthusiasm, however, a cloud rested upon the hearts of the boys from Lansing, caused by the remembrance of an accident that resulted fatally to one of our company only the day before. An officer of the company, while in the act of cocking a revolver preparatory to firing at a mark, accidentally discharged the piece, the ball entering the right breast of Samuel McKibben, a worthy young man from Bath. As he fell into my arms, he cried, "Oh, tell my friends!" and with a few disconnected sentences at long intervals afterwards, he died in a few hours. His remains were sent home to his friends. Poor Sam was beloved by all the company and all that knew him, and a loss is felt more in such a place, and under such circumstances, than a score of deaths upon a field of battle in our country's cause.

Notwithstanding the unpropitious weather, the citizens of Ypsilanti were there on mass, to take leave of us. We then realized how numerous were the friends we had gained during our sojourn there. We then felt that we were indeed leaving a place that had been to us a "hearthstone" through the winter of our initiation into the service, for the discomforts and hardships of a soldier's camp life. May "bright be our garlands when we return to their smiles."

At 2 o'clock P. M., we were all aboard, each company occupying two cars, and we were hurried from all but the recollection of Camp Mixer, by two of the most powerful locomotives in the possession of the M. O. R. R. Co. Arriving at Joliet, Ill., on the morning of Friday, the 18th, we changed engines and divided our enormous train into two divisions, one containing the right wing under the command of Lieut. Col. Davis, and the other under command of Major Quackenbush.

We proceeded thus on the St. Louis, Alton and Chicago Railroad, to Alton on the Mississippi, 25 miles above St. Louis, from thence down the river, by the steam packet David Yates, to St. Louis, arriving there on the morning of Saturday, the 19th. Disembarking, we paraded, with our band at our head and our colors flying, through the principal streets of the city. We supposed, of course, we were now within a few miles of our destination, as we had been ordered to Benton Barracks, but our fine appearance caused us to be ordered at once to the field of action at Pittsburgh Landing, on the Tennessee river.

The citizens of St. Louis all agreed in saying that a finer set of men, both as a regiment and individually, had never passed through that city. In fact, wherever we went, the same praises greeted us, the same surprise evinced at our perfect discipline, fine appearance, and splendid equipments.

We embarked at 4 o'clock P. M., on Saturday, in the new and handsome steam packet Die Vernon. Running down to the arsenal, we took on board a large supply of ammunition, consisting of 100,000 rounds of rifle cartridges, 50 boxes of grape and canister, 100 abrapacks and some bombs. We passed Cairo and entered the Ohio river about 7 o'clock on Sunday morning, and arrived at Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee, at noon on Monday.

At Paducah, we saw a steamer loaded with about 500 men that had been wounded at the late battle of Pittsburgh Landing, and while there, six that had died of their wounds were carried ashore. We laid up at Fort Henry that night, and arrived at Pittsburgh Landing that evening. Here we received orders to proceed about five miles further up the river, to Hamburg Landing. Here we went ashore and pitched our tents on Wednesday morning, April 23d. Everything in nature has the appearance of June here, and our new white tents skirting the river, against a back ground of thick, green woods, gleaming in the bright sun, and relieved by the pleasant faces and blue apparel of a busy regiment, presented a scene well worth of an artist's pencil.

While on our way up the Tennessee river, we took prisoner a rebel spy, delivering him up to headquarters on landing. Another casualty occurred at Alton to one of the regiment. While on the boat at Alton, Silas Williams, of Co. E, fell overboard and was drowned.

Remaining at our camp on the river until Saturday noon, we were ordered to the advance, and struck our camp, loaded our train and were soon on the march. We camped that night in the woods about 3 miles west of the river. Resuming our march the next morning, we had not proceeded more than 3 miles, when we were arrested by the sound of heavy firing about half a mile in advance. We immediately fell into line of battle, and were soon joined by three more regiments of infantry and Houghtaling's Illinois battery. We expected that our pickets had been driven in and that the enemy was advancing, but after waiting an hour or two, our scouts brought in word that the rebels had been repulsed, so we cleared a place in the woods and pitched our camp.

We have since been joined by 10,000 more troops, among which are the 10th Mich. Infantry, 2d and 3d Mich. cavalry, and the 3d Michigan battery. We are in Gen. Pope's division of the army, and have been attached to Gen. Payne's brigade. Our position now is on the Corinth road, about 10 miles north of that city and 5 miles west of the Tennessee river. We are about 5 miles from the enemy's line, our respective pickets occupying the ground about half way between.

Yesterday, while writing in my tent, a dispatch came from our pickets that a rebel force of from 3,000 to 5,000 strong, were engaging them. The long roll sounded, the battery that accompanies us started, and in less time than it takes to tell it, our regiment had "fell in," and were on the way to support it. We traveled the intervening 2 1/2 miles between us and the field of action on double quick, and were in line of battle in a twinkling.

After a slight skirmish, in which the Michigan boys fully realized the expectations formed of them, the rebels fled to the woods. The Mich. 2d cavalry then made a furious charge upon the retreating foe, scattering them like sheep and capturing 3x prisoners and 18 horses. We had one man and one horse wounded. The number of their wounded cannot, of course, be ascertained.

Skirmishes occur every day, and prisoners are continually being brought in. As soon as the grand army under Gen. Halleck is ready, a general advance will be made, and it is likely to take place very shortly, probably in a few days. Our boys are in good spirits and sanguine of success, and whenever the grand struggle that is now pending comes, they will amply sustain the well earned reputation of the Michigan troops for true bravery.

While in camp on the river bank, I visited the

field of the late battle of Pittsburgh Landing. The ground alternately lost and gained by the opposing forces, covers an area of about 7 miles in length by 1 1/2 miles in width. The scene here presented is beyond description; large trees cut down with shot and shell, while in every trunk left standing, may be counted from 20 to 50 bullet holes, and this not only in one spot, but over the full extent of the line. The stench of dead horses, and burning remains of men and beast, in places is almost unendurable. We were shown the grave of Gen. A. S. Johnston, the great rebel General. His body was found on the field with unmistakable proofs of his identity upon his person. One rebel battery and numerous small arms that were captured were still on the ground.

The devastation of this beautiful country by the ravages of war, is painful to behold and a reproach to civilization. Splendid orchards, with fruit already forming, miles upon miles of forests, fields of grain that would evidently have been ready to harvest in the course of a month, and, in fact, all the splendid plantations that skirt the western shore of the Tennessee, laid waste and occupied by an immense army. Perforce do I repeat, may we soon see peace restored to this fair land, and "return to the smiles" of the loved ones at home.

R. E. R.

#### MOVEMENTS IN VIRGINIA.

The First Engagement at Fort Darling—Interesting Details of the Conflict.

The Fortress Monroe correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, gives the following interesting account of the expedition up the James river, and the injuries sustained by our iron clad vessels:—

"Last Sunday morning, the Monitor, Galena, and Naugatuck started for the rebel capital via the James river. They were soon followed by the Ararat and Fort Royal. They silenced several of the batteries which lined the shore, and passed some with the most contemptuous silence. The Captain of the Monitor stood upon the turret and waved his cap to a battery which he considered unworthy the notice of his post, although three balls struck the Monitor's turret with considerable force.

"The progress of the fleet was a continued success until they arrived to within about seven miles of Richmond. Here the river takes a sharp turn around a precipitous bluff, fully a hundred and fifty feet in height. Upon the top of this bluff the rebels have erected a most scientific and formidable battery, mounting guns of superior range and calibre. This battery commands the river in the most effective manner, and it soon became evident to our fleet that an engagement of no ordinary character was imminent.

"On last Thursday morning, at seven o'clock, our fleet formed their line of battle and commenced the reduction of the rebel stronghold. From the unusual elevation of the battery, and the difficulty our men experienced in getting the proper range, they were, for a time, unable to do any execution. In the meantime the battery poured an incessant fire of ball and shell down upon the decks of our vessels, and did a fearful work.

"The Naugatuck, after several brilliant shots, burst her 100 pound rifled Parrott gun; killing the gunner and wounding several others. Having no other armament except two boarding howitzers, and being thus disabled, she withdrew from the engagement.

"The Galena suffered severely; the rebel shots riddling her deck with great ease, and several of the balls entered her side. Fourteen of her crew were killed and thirteen wounded; the majority of the latter, however, will recover. Those who were killed are terribly cut and mangled—some beyond the hope of recognition. For one hour the Galena was exposed to the entire fire of the rebel battery. On account of the narrowness of the channel, she could not 'spring' or turn so as to work to advantage.

"The Monitor, however, maintained her superior strength and invulnerability. The balls glanced harmless from her tower of strength and fell into the placid waters of the river. For some time she labored under great difficulty in acquiring the requisite elevation for her guns. But having once obtained it she poured her missiles with fearful effect upon the battery, and thus encouraging her associates, the fleet belched forth such an iron hail that the battery was silenced for three quarters of an hour. At this juncture our vessels ran short of ammunition and retired from action, while the rebels remanued their guns and again commenced the conflict. A portion of the fleet came down the river to Jamestown Island, nearly opposite Williamsburg.

"The Monitor and Galena remained, in order to keep the rebels awake, the Monitor firing regularly once in two minutes, fully sustaining the reputation of the 'cheese box.' The Ararat and Fort Royal were not materially injured. The action lasted four hours and a half, constituting one of the most brilliant of the war.

"About a quarter of a mile further up the river, the rebels have made a strong barricade to the further progress of a hostile fleet. They have sunk the Yorktown and Jamestown in the channel, and driven immense piles from one side of the river to the other, forming a stockade similar to that in the entrance to the Norfolk harbor.

"The guns of the battery are said to be manned by the remnants of the crews of the Merrimac, Yorktown and Jamestown. The firing was excellent, showing a great deal of skill.

"The Naugatuck escaped serious injury by having her pilot house and deck protected by iron rails laid transverse."

The following has been received at the Navy Department:

United States Flag Ship Bequebecan, }  
James River, Va., May 19, 1862. }

SIR:—In consequence of a report from Com. Rodgers, that there were two batteries on the south side of this river, one at Rock Wharf landing, and the other at Hardy's Bluff or Mother Run landing, which required silencing, in order to open the river to get supplies up to him, of which he was about to stand in need, I moved up to them yesterday with this ship, the Wachasett, the Dacotah, Marietta, and the tug Young America, but found that both had been recently abandoned and left, comparatively in a useless condition.

At Hardy's Bluff the guns were spiked, carriages burned and magazines blown up; but a little below it was a solitary gun remaining intact, and this we put out of use. At Rock Wharf landing the guns were also spiked and the carriages burnt, but neither the magazines nor the bomb proof had been destroyed. This I ordered to be done, and it was effectually accomplished.

The James river is now open from its mouth up to Ward's Bluff, or, in other words, up to within 5 miles of Richmond, where, as you will perceive, by Com. Rodgers' report of this fight, it is seriously obstructed.

I am, very respectfully, your ob't serv't,  
(Signed) L. M. GOLDBOROUGH,  
Flag Officer, Commanding North Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of Navy.

From Washington.

Despatch to the New York Herald.

Washington, May 20.

All here are filled with expectations of a great battle at Corinth and Bottom's Bridge before the week ends. It is expected that these two battles will practically conclude the campaign, and leave nothing else to be done but to put down the guerrilla fighting.

The recent proclamation of the President continues to give great satisfaction to all classes. The conservative men are satisfied, and the ultra dare not find fault. It is manifest to all that Mr. Lincoln has taken the bit in his teeth and intends to have his own way, Cabinet or no Cabinet. The general impression here is that since the utterance of this proclamation there is no one can approach Abraham Lincoln in popularity. It is regarded as an evidence of uncontrollable firmness and true grit.

A SLIGHT RARITY.—In one of the city churches last Sunday the clergyman concluded his sermon as follows: "But I hear the rustling of silks in the pews, as if some of the ladies were impatient to leave; I will therefore say God bless you all!"—N. Y. Evening Post.